

# The TATTLER

Vol. CLXXII. No. 2244

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
June 28, 1944



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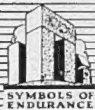


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# THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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JUNE 28, 1944

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Marcus Adams

## The Hon. Mrs. George Ward and Her Children

The Hon. Mrs. George Ward, formerly Miss Ann Capel, married the younger of the Earl of Dudley's twin brothers in 1940. She is the elder daughter of the late Captain Arthur Edward Capel, C.B.E., and the Countess of Westmorland. Her husband, like his twin, is in the R.A.F., and was recently promoted a Group Captain. The Wards have two children. Georgina born in 1941, and Anthony, aged one





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Prophecy

**T**HE Prime Minister has proclaimed that the months of this summer may bring full success to the cause of freedom by the victories of the Allies. He was referring, in a speech at the Mexican Embassy, to the campaign to free Europe which has started with such success in Normandy. He made it clear that the Allies had not embarked on the great battle without being in full accord with Soviet Russia. He indicated that the plans made at Teheran, where he met President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin, were being steadily unrolled. The decisions then taken were yet far from complete, which is another way of saying that more operations against the Germans can be expected in the near future.

At all times since the war started Mr. Churchill has been most cautious in his prognostications. It is the first time that he has been as precise in estimating the course of events of the future. Obviously he believes that the Allies have got the full measure of the Germans, and their ability to withstand the concentrated force of arms which is gradually being co-ordinated. Normandy is but a beginning. Blows of immense power will come from Russia. At the same time Germany will be threatened in several other directions.

It is good that the Prime Minister feels so confident that he can publicly express his optimism. There is no false ring about his words. They are based on fact. The people of this country need no propaganda injections to

help them to face the future, as obviously the Germans require. The propaganda which heralded the early attacks against Britain with the German pilotless aeroplane was most revealing. The German people swallowed it like a narcotic and drugged themselves—for a few days.

## Progress

**T**HE Allied armies are now safely established on the soil of France. The Germans do not seem to possess any means which can now dislodge General Montgomery. Once more he is showing his qualities of military ability and, above all, his superb powers of leadership. His messages to the troops and to their relatives in this country are a source of great inspiration. But everything he does is characterized with that capacity for taking pains which is said to be the hallmark of genius. Experience has taught him the value of careful organization, and there is no doubt that his armies are now at their highest degree of efficiency. Backed by the power of the Royal Navy, and ships of Allied fleets, aided as well by overwhelming air power, General Montgomery was able to get himself firmly set much earlier than might have been expected. Already he has been able to deliver a series of well-timed blows, which caught the Germans and caused them to suffer. Bigger and fiercer battles are on the way, but these early clashes were of the utmost importance. They paved the way for attaining further results which will be decisive.

## Initiative

**T**HE King's early visit to the shores of Normandy to see his fighting troops was no surprise to those who know His Majesty's mind. No sooner had the landing of the armies been achieved than he expressed his wish to visit them. In the early days of the war the King wanted to go to Boulogne, when British troops had their backs to the sea and were fighting desperate battles. More than once he expressed his desire to go to France to help the battles by his presence. But the advice of his wise counsellors had to be accepted, and it was not until four years later that his wish could be gratified. People are inclined to forget the King's training as a young man, and his battle experience in the last war. In congratulating General Eisenhower on the planning and organization of this first landing in Europe the King has wisely said that the beaches of Normandy "will be forever famous" as a result.

## Problem

**T**HE Germans—or should we say Hitler?—are faced with grave military problems which the pilotless plane cannot solve for him. The first week in which this horrible and inhuman machine was used against Britain was sufficient to prove that its military value is not very considerable. We cannot know how much reliance Hitler and his men placed on this weapon. We do know that for months the Royal Air Force have pounded the installations in France from which it is fired. If the Royal Air Force had not pounded these bases it is conceivable that the military value of the pilotless plane might have been greater, for a temporary period. It seems clear, however, that Hitler began by, and still believes in, this form of secret weapon more as a political instrument than anything else. By trying to strike terror into the hearts of the British people he probably believes that he can force a stalemate in the war and eventually peace by negotiation.

As usual, the Nazis overplayed their hand. Without waiting to see what the weapon could achieve they raised the hopes of the German people by every form of propaganda



Prince Umberto in Conference

Since the fall of Rome Prince Umberto of Italy has undertaken the responsibilities of the Crown, with the title of Lieutenant of the Realm. He is in command of the Italian Army of Liberation, and is seen at Naples with his military and naval chiefs of staff



General Alexander in Rome

Gen. Sir Harold Alexander was photographed during a ceremony in the grounds of the Villa Savoia, Rome, when with Gen. Mark Clark he distributed decorations to a number of Allied commanders, officers and men; amongst them Gen. Keyes, U.S. Army, and Gen. Juin, French Army



trick. But the real mistake was the exaggeration in which they indulged. The propaganda machine got out of control, as one lie followed another. Then the German people had to be told the truth. "If any one in Germany believes that England can be blasted to pieces by the new weapon he is a fool." This was the cold douche of fact administered by Hans Fritzsche, the political director of German radio. The effect on the German people we cannot know. We have evidence that they are now largely a people bereft of calm judgment. They have been so drugged by propaganda that they have reached a state of cynical hopelessness. The propaganda probably achieved one thing. It is calculated to revive a renewed faith in the astuteness of Hitler. The German people, after a burst of hope mixed with sadistic Teutonic satisfaction, are probably back in the state where they feel that to trust Hitler a little longer may yet save them.

### Negotiations

THE capture of Viipuri at the northern end of the Karelian Isthmus was a victory for the Russians which compelled Finland to face the realities of her situation. Immediately there were discussions among Finnish leaders which brought Field Marshal Mannerheim back into the political picture and Hr. Grippenberg, who was formerly Finland's diplomatic representative in London. Hr. Grippenberg has served in Rome and in Stockholm since he left London. He is a protégé of Marshal Mannerheim's and as those who know him have always felt, he is now certain to have an important influence on Finland's future. In London Hr. Grippenberg was a diplomat of considerable ability and tact. He made a host of friends, all of whom admired his staunch patriotism which was blended with foresight and common sense. He was never associated with any of the extreme sections of Finnish opinion, and this fact should now stand him in good stead.

### Yugoslavia

HOPES have been revived that in the near future young King Peter of Yugoslavia will come to an understanding with Marshal Tito.



### London Memorial Service

*The service in memory of the R.A.F. men shot in a German prison camp was held at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal and Lady Portal left the church with G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig*

Dr. Ivan Subasic, who has visited Yugoslavia to meet Marshal Tito, was able to build a bridge between the Royal Yugoslav Government in London and the National Liberation Committee led by Marshal Tito. This is a great achievement, and although many outstanding problems remain to be settled there has been a considerable degree of agreement achieved. Dr. Subasic was the man most suited to act as go-between. In Yugoslavia he has a reputation, not only for his ability, but for his national-mindedness and political skill, which is absolutely separated from any personal ambition. The prospect of an understanding between the dominant forces in Yugoslavia is greatly welcomed in London, and particularly by Mr. Churchill, who has himself taken a deep interest in the problems confronting King Peter.

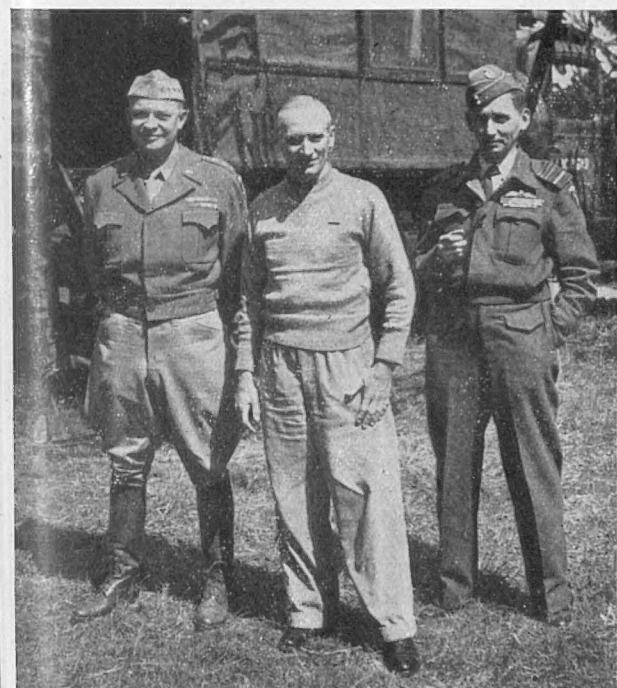
### Achievement

MR. ERNEST BEVIN's reputation inside and outside Parliament continues to grow. Among many Conservatives he is regarded as one of the strongest links in the present Coalition Government. They are hoping that when victory has been won he will remain in politics and not fulfil his intention to retire, which he announced soon after he became Minister of Labour and National Service three years ago. Mr. Bevin's has been no easy task, for on him has fallen the responsibility for mobilizing men and women behind the war effort. In particular, it was his administrative abilities which played such a big part in preparing for the invasion of the Continent. In some of the munition factories as many as eighty-five per cent of the workers were women. The Ministry of Labour has proclaimed on behalf of Mr. Bevin that the invasion would not have been possible but for the great part which the women have played.



### The Duchess at St. Mary's

*While visiting St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the Duchess of Kent was received by the matron, Miss M. G. Milne, and Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin, who was knighted in the Birthday Honours*



### The Big Three in Normandy

*Gen. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, with Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander, paid a visit to Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery at his headquarters in Normandy. They held conferences with other British commanders*



### The King Visits His Troops in France

*On board the cruiser Arethusa, His Majesty crossed the Channel to the invasion beaches, where he attended a conference at General Montgomery's H.Q., and decorated a number of officers and men now serving in France. With him here are Sir Alan Lascelles (Private Secretary to the King) and Major-Gen. Laycock, Chief of Combined Operations*



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# The Theatre

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Savoy)

By Horace Horsnell

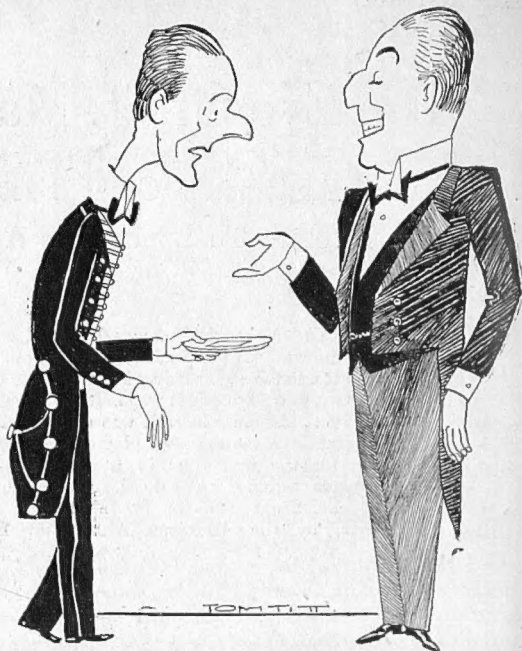
**F**EW dramatists, I imagine, are tempted to fall into the sin of self-complacency when Mr. Tyrone Guthrie is producing them. His reverence even for the classics, when he has them on the tapis, can stop well short of idolatry. His respect for tradition is never

ignore the footlights in order to create a framed illusion of reality.

**D**o you recall the plot? It might be epitomized as the whitewashing of Mrs. Cheyney, and concerns a young adventuress from Australia. This lovely and lovable young woman apprentices herself to a master crook, charms her way into high, but raffish London society, thrives there as a snapper-up of such considerable trifles as fabulous pearls, gets all but within the clutch of the law, and loses her heart in escaping it.

The originality of the piece is less perhaps in the selection than in the mixing of its ingredients. Priceless pearls have often been stolen in plays, and dubiously innocent young adventuresses have found themselves locked in bedrooms by (and with) raffish peers to the point of almost making the supreme sacrifice for the sake of more public reputation. Moreover, true love has a way (on the stage) of turning up trumps when all seems lost, even honour.

The spectacular and sartorial splendours of the screen, abetted by current coupon restrictions, have doubtless raised the box-



Charles, a butler with an old school tie (James Dale), enlightens George, a footman and confederate in crime (Bryan Mathe-son), on the social standing of the guests



Teatime at Mrs. Ebley's country house finds Lady Frinton (Athene Seyler), the Hon. Willie Wynton (Anthony Shaw), Lord Kelton (Austin Trevor) and Mrs. Ebley (Margaret Scudamore) together

slavish. He is nothing if not inventive, and ideas swarm in his fertile brain as thick as bees in more humdrum bonnets. He scorns the obvious and defies the conventional. I have not had what I feel must be the stimulating experience of seeing him at work on a production; but on the strength of the finished thing, I have suspected that his direction has been anything but tentative or perfunctory.

I felt this while keenly enjoying, in this revival, my first sight of Frederick Lonsdale's impetuous comedy, which Mr. Guthrie has just produced and, in some respects, transformed. Described as "a comedy of the day before yesterday," it is (as you may know) a play of period (1925) manners, free and easy morals, and some not wildly original situations. It is sporadically witty, and its foundations are firmly laid in the theatre. Not that it is as old-fashioned as all that, though the confections of the ladies seem somehow to antedate some of their manners and customs, and their conversation occasionally to hint at anachronism.

You may also remember that the play was one of Sir Gerald du Maurier's most popular successes. Its wit is individual, and may be said to reflect Wilde rather than to prefigure Noel Coward. The characters, in this revival at any rate, are at least as careful of how they speak as of what they say, and do not affect to

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Mrs. Cheyney (Coral Browne) finds an unusual fascination both in Mrs. Ebley's pearls and in Lord Dilling (Jack Buchanan)

office value of the dressmaker and interior decorator on the stage, no matter what their ascendancy may have done to subtler aspects of the dramatic art. And it is possible that, if Mr. Guthrie had allowed the fashions of 1925 to prevail, instead of antedating and pictorializing them with the fascinating aid of Motley, this revival might have had a cachet, instead of chic, that would have set the town giggling but have preserved the chronological unities of the play. This, however, is a problem for purists, and no one could accuse Mr. Guthrie of pandering to them.

**A**MONG the leading members of the present company we warmly welcome Mr. Jack Buchanan who, eschewing both song and dance, makes what is virtually his debut in such "legitimate" society, and plays Lord Dilling (the du Maurier role) with agreeable modesty and great charm. Miss Coral Browne, orchidaceous and assured, gives Mrs. Cheyney an adamant glitter. Mr. Austin Trevor flushes Lord Kelton with true artificial colour, and Mr. James Dale is an admirably clear and helpful pseudo-butler and master crook.

Remain Miss Margaret Scudamore's frumpish, authoritative, sterling Mrs. Ebley, and Miss Athene Seyler's Lady Frinton. Miss Seyler is not only game for anything, but gloriously able to play it. Her sense of fun, her technical skill and delightful vitality, above all her sheer comedic cordiality, are irresistible.

Had the play been presented in its original trappings of the 1920s, when the Bright Young Things of the period were beginning to dim, and the Vortex to engulf their pioneers, Mr. Guthrie's satirical resource might have converted the hints of anachronism in the text into the full, fanciful licence of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land.





Dorothy Wilding

## Anna Neagle as Jane Austen's "Emma"

Anna Neagle is to appear in Robert Donat's production of Jane Austen's famous novel *Emma*, which opens at the Lyric Theatre on July 13th. This will be Miss Neagle's first straight stage part in London. Previously she has concentrated largely on film work, starring in such well-known films as *Victoria the Great*, *Sixty Glorious Years* and *Nurse Edith Cavell*. Anna Neagle started her stage career when she appeared for the first time in the chorus of *Charlot's Revue* at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1925. Later she made a great success with Jack Buchanan in *Stand Up and Sing*, and in 1937 was Peter in the Palladium's *Peter Pan*. In *Emma* she will have the support of Frank Allenby as Mr. Knightley, Graveley Edwards as Mr. Woodhouse, and Gillian Lind as Miss Bates. Gordon Glennon has done the dramatisation, direction is by Jack Minster, who produced *An Ideal Husband*, and decor by Gladys Calthrop

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



Dining out in London: Mrs. Charles Younger and Capt. Sir John Gilmour



At a table for two: The Hon. Jean French with Lt. Stephen Stone

### The King with Monty

No other visit the King has made was quite so thrilling or so important as his one-day trip to the battle area in Normandy, and His Majesty has never spent three hours more to the delight of his subjects than those he passed with Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery, commander of the assaulting forces, touring the beaches and visiting "Monty's" advanced headquarters.

But if it was a visit of more than ordinary Royal significance and importance, it was also a Royal visit of much less than usual ceremony, a fact that was all to the King's liking. From the moment when he stepped on to the sands from the "duck" amphibian that had brought him on the last mile of his journey, to the moment when he climbed aboard the same peculiar vehicle at the end of his stay, the King saw things exactly as they are. No special arrangements had been made in advance for him, partly because it would have given the well-kept secret away, and partly, too, because His Majesty had made it emphatically clear that he wished for no show or pageantry. Even the traffic was not cleared for the Royal party till military police charged boldly into the mass of assorted tanks, jeeps, bulldozers, guns, and wagons that cluttered the road, and made a way for the King's car.

### In the Royal Party

THE Rt. Hon. Sir Alan Lascelles, Private Secretary to the King, and Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., R.N., accompanied the King throughout the visit, and Capt. John Grant, D.S.O., R.N., who recently did a spell of duty as one of the "equerries of honour" at Buckingham Palace after his adventures as commander in the Penelope, joined the party ashore. He is doing an important job on the staff of the naval assault commander, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, who, as Allied Naval C-in-C. of invasion forces, bore the full burden of responsibility for the all-important naval bombardment and conveying of our men and munitions, went ashore with His Majesty, but other high officers who had crossed with the King in the

cruiser *Arethusa* went off on a separate mission to another part of the beachhead.

Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, the First Sea Lord, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff, Major-Gen. "Bob" Laycock, once adjutant of the "Blues," now Chief of Combined Operations, in succession to Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hastings Ismay, who, as Chief of Staff to the Defence Minister, is Mr. Churchill's right-hand man on the purely military aspect of affairs, made up the secondary party, and all of them rejoined the King aboard the cruiser for the homeward voyage, comparing impressions first over a cup of tea in the captain's cabin, then on the bridge, where His Majesty stayed almost throughout the two crossings.

### With the Wounded

WHILE the King was away, the Queen was also visiting invasion troops, in the less exciting and sadder atmosphere of a military hospital, where Her Majesty went to see some of the first wounded to be sent home to this country from the battle area. Afterwards she expressed herself as deeply touched and moved by the good spirits of the men, most of whom told her that their one desire is to get back into the fight without losing time.

### Back in London

AFTER three years in Scotland, Lord and Lady Cavan have once more settled down in London. They have bought the ninety-nine years' lease of a charming house in Hyde Park Gardens which has the great attraction of a garden back and front. In front of the house is a flowering honeysuckle and a magnolia, while at the back there are three cherry-trees, a vine, white lilac and white roses, all of which will undoubtedly be added to, for Lord and Lady Cavan are both keen gardeners.

Lady Cavan is happy at the thought that her second daughter, Lady Elizabeth Lambert, who works at the Foreign Office, now has a London home, and she and her schoolgirl sister, Lady Joanna Lambert, will be able to share a sitting-room when they are both in London. Lady Joanna is staying at Chiddingfold, where

(Continued on page 394)



S/Ldr. Lord Dudley, R.A.F., and Lady Dudley ordered a drink while waiting for their table



Mrs. Gordon Gronvold dined with her daughter, the Countess of Ely, and Mrs. John Gordon (centre)

### Some Snapshots from the London Restaurants





*In a party of five: Mrs. R. W. Verelot, Major C. R. Wigan, the Hon. Mrs. Calthorpe, Miss Anne Verelot and Lord Calthorpe*



*Backs to the bar: Mrs. C. M. Singer, Capt. William Grubb, Lady Phyllis Allen, and Mr. C. E. Meyer, of the U.S. Embassy*



*Between courses: Lady Gunston, Sir Derrick Gunston, Mrs. Hudson and Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture*



*After dinner: Mrs. A. Gillson, Major G. Gordon, Lady Jersey, Capt. Byron Foy, Mrs. P. Rank and Lord Jersey*



*One side of the table: Mrs. Archie Boyd, Capt. J. F. Bayley, Miss Lucy Robledo and Mr. Michael Harvey*



*And the other side? Miss Philips, Mr. Mark Philips, Mrs. James Bayley and Mr. John Baxendale*

*An Evening in Town, Seen by the Photographer*

*Photographs at Bagatelle and Ciro's by Swaebe*

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

she shares a governess with Bridget Mulholland, the Hon. John Mulholland's second daughter.

### Admiralty Reception

ADMIRALTY HOUSE is such a good place for a big party that it was not surprising to find it the setting for the reception given under the auspices of the Government to members of the British Group of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. Lord and Lady Cranborne acted as host and hostess, with popular Mrs. A. V. Alexander by their sides and the Admiralty's First Lord not far away. Col. Arthur Evans, M.P. (who was knighted in the Birthday Honours and by now has probably received the accolade), was chairman and spent his time looking after the constant stream of notabilities, both diplomatic and parliamentary, among whom were a representative number of deputies from the Allied countries. The genial Belgian Ambassador had many friends to greet, and so did that dignified couple, the Netherlands Ambassador and his wife. Standing at one of the windows I saw the Czechoslovak Ambassador and his charming English wife; Capt. Leonard Plugge, M.P., who acts as liaison officer between the Allies and British M.P.s, also with his wife; and Mrs. Evison (the Alexanders' daughter) and Lt.-Cdr. Hardy, R.N.V.R., who were helping to make everyone feel happy and at home.

The Duke of Sutherland, who spends so much time in London nowadays, was talking with Sir Harry Brittain, who had a gay button-hole of white cornflowers; Lady Anderson and Mrs. Eden chatted for a while, and milling around greeting numerous friends were the Lord Chancellor and Lady Simon, Lord and Lady Leathers and Sir William Jowitt with his wife, who was wearing a smart sailor hat of burnt straw.

### The Derby

THE fifth wartime Derby was held once again at Newmarket and run on the July course on a very cold day, with an icy wind blowing right across the course and into the stands. There was a big crowd, though not so many as in previous years. Uniforms of many nations were once again present, and even some who had returned from Normandy, having carried out their various duties and taking their first twenty-four hours' leave to watch the Derby in the true British spirit. It was won this year by one of the best patrons of the turf and a fine, all-round sportsman,



### A Woman Owner Has Her First Success in Ireland

Poole, Dublin

The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy, wife of the Earl of Airlie's brother, who only recently registered her racing colours in Ireland, brought off a double at Leopardstown Races. She is seen with her trainer, Mr. H. W. Riddle-Martin, and Charles's-wain, winner of the Slievenamon Plate, her first success on the Irish turf. Her horse Barghora won the Threë Rock 'Chase later in the day

Lord Rosebery, who was present to lead in the winner, Ocean Swell, a son of his 1939 Derby winner, Blue Peter, and the second winner of this coveted race to be bred by Lord Rosebery. There was a real family party at the saddling enclosure to watch the winner come in. Lady Rosebery, looking very attractive in black with a white turban, was there with her daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Duke, who was one of the first to congratulate his mother-in-law. Lady Helen Smith, Lord Rosebery's only daughter, was also in this family party, so was his niece, Lady Irwin,

and her husband. Lord Willoughby de Broke, in Air Force uniform, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, two of the Jockey Club Stewards, were amongst those who came up to congratulate Lord Rosebery.

### Spectators at Newmarket

AMONG the first I saw arriving for this exciting, but blowy, day's racing was Prince Bernhard, who had motored over with Mrs. Diana Smiley and Lady Orr-Lewis. Lady Bridget Clark, wearing an attractive yellow-and-brown check long-coat, came with her sister, Lady

(Concluded on page 408)



### Mrs. Constance Spry Lectures on Wartime Cooking, in Aid of Charity

The lecture was given for the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital Fellowship. Above are Miss Merriken (matron of the Hospital), Mrs. Constance Spry, Lady Robertson, Lady Hudson, Effie Lady Selsdon and Lady Duke Elder

Present at Mrs. Spry's lecture on original recipes for wartime cooking, entitled "Come into the Garden, Cook," were Lady Hall, the Hon. Mrs. Mulholland (vice-chairman of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital) and Lady Towle



# Six Young Marrieds



Mrs. Jock Whitworth

The Irish wife of Lt. William (Jock) Whitworth, R.N., is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cowper, of Co. Wicklow. Her husband's father, Admiral Sir William Whitworth, K.C.B., D.S.O., was recently appointed C-in-C., Rosyth



Mrs. Peter Barrow

Mrs. Barrow, the Countess of Drogheda's only daughter and niece of the Marquess of Anglesey, was the widow of Lt. Nigel St. George Gibbes, 8th Hussars, before her recent marriage to Major Peter Barrow, M.C., R.A. Her husband is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Barrow, of Pike House, Kingswood, Surrey

The wife of Capt. D. T. MacGregor, Coldstream Guards, is the daughter of Col. Alastair N. Fraser, D.S.O. Her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. MacGregor, of Cardney, Dunkeld, Perthshire, and is a cousin of the Earl of Mansfield



Mrs. D. T. MacGregor



The Hon. Mrs. Michael Eden

Mrs. Eden is the wife of Lt. the Hon. Michael Eden, The Life Guards, elder son of Lord and Lady Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby. She is the daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Hobhouse, of Hadspen House, Somerset



Mrs. C. S. R. Graham



Lady Forbes

Right: Mrs. Graham, formerly Miss Susan Surtees, only daughter of Major and Mrs. R. L. Surtees, of Littlestone-on-Sea, Kent, was married in February. Her husband, Capt. Charles Graham, Scots Guards, is Lt.-Col. Sir Fergus and Lady Graham's only son

Far right: Lady Forbes was a bride of last year. She was Miss Angela Gertrude Ely, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Ely, of 55, Arlington House, S.W., and was married to Sir Archibald Finlayson Forbes last year

Photographs by  
Harlip, Bassano,  
Yvonne Gregory

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**B**LOOD-PRESSURE in some of the Service clubs, we gather, has risen steeply among the Old Guard since learning that General Montgomery received the Special Correspondent boys in Normandy wearing a comfortable Chelsea-ish costume of corduroy slacks, grey sweater, black beret, and no rank-badges. To students of the decorative Montgomery personality this is nothing out of the way, and moreover there's a precedent, of sorts.

A painful scalp-wound partly explains the top hat in which General Sir Thomas Picton, GCB, was killed at Waterloo, if not the frock-coat and umbrella accompanying. Actually this eminent and rather sinister Welch soldier (tomb in St. George's, Hanover Square, monument in St. Paul's, statue at Carmarthen) was a trifle crackers, as demonstrated during his previous Governorship of Trinidad, when his policy of popularising the British Raj by quite insane cruelty to the natives resulted in a public outcry and a verdict of guilty from a British jury, though no punishment followed. Our hairy and warmhearted kinsmen the Welch go sadistic-crackers less frequently than some. Their national urge for song in any crisis saves them. But when they do, they establish a reign of terror in a big way, like Henry VIII, Cromwell (*né* Williams), Picton, and a solicitor whose name we forget. Jones, maybe.

## Footnote

**A**PART from being both admirable soldiers with a gift for pleasing themselves in dress, Picton and Montgomery naturally have nothing in common, except that Montgomery once tried to persuade 500 stout, rosy, petrified Home Guard officers of the South-Eastern Command to cut out drink and tobacco and rise daily at 5 a.m. for a brisk stripped run. Cruelty or absent mindedness?

## Playboy

**T**HE BBC Variety boys being apparently too absorbed in their national task to pause for a passing tribute to the Father of Vaudeville, in whose Norman countryside the fiercest fighting has been taking place, we don't mind doing it for them, for decency's sake.

It was in the *Vau de Vire* (whence comes "vaudeville") that the jolly miller-poet and playboy Olivier Basselin laughed and drank in the 15th century and made those drinking-songs and songs of love and war which are so famous.

Example, that long chant to his great purple snozzle, beginning: *Beau nez, dont les rubis ont cousté maint pipe*

*De vin blanc et claiert! . . .*

--"O lovely nose, whose rubies have cost so many casks of white and red!" Basselin's death is supposed to have been brought about by the English, who then held France, but as *Engloys* was current French for all griping usurers and oppressors, it may have been creditors, bailiffs, or bums. The Normans made a fine noble lament or dirge for him. *Hélas, Olivier Basselin!*

*Vous ont les Engloys mis à fin? . . .*

And so began Vaudeville, not that Joe Schmaltz (Ltd.) and the Hotcha Variety Agency and the other hardfaced boys in the racket give a damn, we dare aver, and least of all the BBC Variety boys,



"Yes, I know, but they don't necessarily rank as a qualification"



"Oh, Henry, look! Bees in the bonnet!"

whom Olivier Basselin would have mistaken for butterflies as they flit to and fro arranging this and that, busy, decorative, useful, and admired by all. *Salut, père!*

## Palazzo

**I**F you noted that a wealthy publisher has just bought Gloucester House, Park Lane, for business purposes, you probably wondered idly what the interior of the average London publishing house is like.

It consists generally of a long suite of lofty palatial chambers arranged thus:

1. The marble vestibule or Fountain Court, filled with rare exotic flowers, birds, and plants. Along one side, the tall golden grille of the Zenana or women's quarters, through which opulent moon-eyed odalisques spit on the shabbier type of author;
2. The Guard Chamber, filled with guards, eunuchs, and janissaries, whose scornful jests and menacing gestures terrify the author as he scurries past;
3. Five or six Antechambers, decorated with the most vulgar and cynical luxury;
4. The Audience or Throne-Room, containing a tall gold chair in which the publisher sits, smoking a whacking Havana. Before entry the author removes his shoes and kisses the pavement, revealing the holes in his socks amid general scoffing;
5. The Strappado Chamber, where saucy authors, or authors refusing to sign the usual printed contract on the dotted line, are taken by a Nubian lictor for fifty of the best.

(Concluded on page 398)



## Scott-Walbrook Partnership

Margaretta Scott and Anton Walbrook  
Co-star in "The Man From Morocco"



Margaretta Scott as the Spanish Girl, Manuela de Roy



Anton Walbrook as the Sculptor Karel

● Anton Walbrook has chosen a new leading lady in Margaretta Scott for his film, *The Man from Morocco*, now in course of production at Welwyn Studios. The story opens in 1938 after the Spanish Civil War has lasted two years. It relates the adventures of a small group of volunteers of the famous International Brigade, who flee across the Pyrenees to democratic France. Here they are interned in Camp Vernet. One of their number, Karel, a sculptor (Anton Walbrook), is in love with a beautiful Spanish girl, Manuela de Roy (Margaretta Scott). Manuela contrives to arrange Karel's release, but fails. The Germans invade France and political prisoners are shipped to Africa and forced to work on the Trans-Saharan Railway. Finally, Karel succeeds in escaping and is able to deliver information of vital importance to the United Nations. Through the political background of the story, the thread of romance runs, leading up to an unusually dramatic ending.

Photographs by Fred Daniels

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

There was a debate on the strappado by the Publishers' Association recently. One or two Dickensy old humanitarians like Faber and Faber said it was undemocratic and degrading, and the victims' cries were raucous and disturbing. Other publishers said some of these scum are pretty tough, and if severe discipline is not maintained the honour of publishers' female relatives will be at stake. A publisher's niece then gave evidence of being ogled deliberately by a very scrubby little author. Have you ever seen a publisher's niece? Cool!

## Chums

OBSEVING that Popoff, self-styled Tsar of the Doukhobors, recently hanged himself in British Columbia, where he was serving a couple of years in the cooler for parading publicly in the nude, we wondered again why this attractive Russian sect has never made a hit with the Island Race.

The curious thing about the Doukhobors, as G. K. Chesterton noted, is that in Russia they behaved like lambs, whereas once they emigrate (e.g. to Canada) they go immediately haywire, prancing round naked, releasing farm-animals from captivity, and giving the police endless trouble. Their basic dogma is a hazy kind of Communist pacifism; among the 789 things they disapprove of are money—hence they never pay for anything—and clothes. A small group of them came to England some years ago and stayed with a wellknown clergyman of Left Wing sympathies, eating enormously. The clergyman's wife viewed them with a chilly eye, and they swiftly departed.

## Footnote

YOU'D think the busy Fleet Street boys, who love anything new and picturesque, would have boosted the Doukhobors a bit, and even adopted some of their tenets. The financial ones most of the boys hold already.

Their nudism journalistic modesty would naturally forbid. Everybody in Fleet Street knows the newspaper office in which the Naked Truth appeared one day in 1910, scandalising everybody. Even the hall porter veiled his eyes as he chuckled the shameless interloper out.

## Spur

WHAT the gibing Whistler said about the Royal Society of British Artists after the schism of 1888—"the British have gone, the Artists remain"—would seem to hold good no more, judging by the patient melancholy of Auntie *Times's* critic, who remarked of the current R.B.A. exhibition (jointly with the Royal Institute of Oil Painters) that it's yet another proof of "how little differentiates the membership of many of the exhibiting societies to-day."

This awful monotony is due obviously to the lack of richness and ardency in the unfortunate art boys' lives. One thinks again of Goya. Goya was knifed in the Madrid underworld and nearly hanged for a crime at Rome, became Court painter and lover of Spain's most beautiful duchess, had about twenty children, saw the bloody siege of Saragossa, went stone-deaf, and, after death, had his head stolen by a collector. No great ecstasy or disaster ever happens to the average British art boy, or the critics would soon notice a difference.

"No. 678. Mulciber Plodge, R.B.A. 'Fishing-Boats, St. Ives'—my God, look at this!"

"Good Heavens, look at the witches! And the ghouls!"

"And the devils! And the gargoyles!"

"What phrasing, old boy! What tonal cadences!"



"Heads you have tails, tails you have heads"

"What dynamic planes! What plangency! What inspiration!"

"It's genius, old boy. Has Plodge gone crazy?"

It may turn out later that somebody took Plodge's umbrella by mistake at the Arts Club—one of those shattering human experiences which fan into flame that genius which is near akin to madness (vide Press).

## Surprise

AT a recent legal wedding amid the bombed remains of the Temple Church, London, some 75 per cent. of the lawyers present must inevitably have been thinking, off and on, of the monstrous Temple Enigma we guess.

After some 650 years it's still not clear to what extent the Knights Templars were guilty of the charges brought against them when that typical Big Business man Philip the Fair of France decided the time had come to close their Order down. A few of the "inner ring" of Temple brasshats doubtless practised those Gnostic and diabolist rites and other horrid things they were accused of, but the Order's chief crime was its enormous wealth, which even its superb military record in the East couldn't excuse. The distinctive round Temple churches have mostly gone, but there's still a good specimen somewhere in the English Counties. We were just dutifully hunting it up for you in Parker's Glossary when a sneering interior voice said "Lay off, you fool." This conversation ensued:

VOICE: You seem to think your dear public loves you for being such a dogsbody and drudge.

US (aghast): Our public adores us!

VOICE: It's laughing like stink, you idiot.

US: Why, even James ("Boss") Agate looks up things for his public now and again!

VOICE: Like hell he does! He's got 15 footmen in livery for mucky work.

We thereupon closed Parker's Glossary and lay down. Sorry.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"What about coming over and dining with me this evening, Miss Jenkins?—don't bother to dress"





## Ancient and Modern : the Viceroy's Daughter in a Historic Setting

The Hon. Felicity Wavell, second daughter of the Viceroy of India and Lady Wavell, posed for this charming picture at the tomb of Humayun in Old Delhi. Miss Wavell was in India with her parents when her father was Commander-in-Chief there in 1941, previous to his becoming Supreme Commander in the South-West Pacific in 1942. She accompanied Lady Wavell to England last July, for a visit of four months, returning to India in October when Field-Marshal Lord Wavell went to take up his appointment as Viceroy. Humayun, before whose tomb she sits, was Mogul Emperor of Delhi in the sixteenth century, and father of the famous Akbar the Great. His tomb is one of the finest Mogul monuments in the neighbourhood of Delhi, and it was here that the last of the Moguls, Bahadur Shah, was captured by Major Hodson—"Hodson of Hodson's Horse"—in 1857



The ballet opens at the Manor. Tea is over and the butler (David Kervail) directs the operations of the housekeeper (Patricia Clogstoun) and the maid (Audrey Seed) in clearing away



The family decide to send an invitation to friends in Town. The coachman (Simone Genand) is despatched and delivers the letter to the Nurse (Maya Rovida)



The engagement is announced to the satisfaction of Mama and Papa (Maya Rovida, Noelle de Mosa, Sigurd Leeder, Hans Zullig, Bunty Slack)



The visitors from Town have arrived at the Manor. The respective merits and charms of the young people are discussed in the Servants' Hall

## Company at the Manor

One of the Ballets Jooss Productions

Now at the Haymarket Theatre



Charlotte, the daughter of the Manor (Ulla Soederbaum), falls in love with her friend's fiance, Armando (Hans Zullig). The love-making in the garden is overheard and scandal thrown





Inside the Town house, Cecilia (Noelle de Mosa), is being wooed by a wealthy Brazilian, Armando (Hans Zullig), who is Mama's choice for her only daughter



Cecilia (Noelle de Mosa) pleads with her father (Sigurd Leeder) not to insist on her engagement to Armando, for whom she has no love

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Fortunately for Charlotte and Armando, Cecilia has long dreamt of Charlotte's brother, Oliver (Rolf Alexander). Afraid of losing her to Armando, Oliver confesses his love for Cecilia, and the ballet ends happily, as all good fairy stories should, with the benign blessings of the parents on the four young people



*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

## Dr. Eduard Beněš: President of the Czechoslovak Republic

In 1939 Dr. Beněš became President of the Czechoslovak National Committee, and in 1940 President of the Republic, and has worked unceasingly in the cause of the liberation of his country. His recent visit to Moscow culminated in a Treaty of Friendship between the Czechoslovak Republic and the Soviet Union. One of the leading figures of the Little Entente, Dr. Beněš will always be remembered for his great work as Member of the Council of the League of Nations and as President of the Assembly





*Ocean Swell Wins the Fifth Wartime Derby by a Neck from Tehran*

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Unaimed

ALL unaimed fire is a waste of good ammunition. This is an aggravated offence when, as is the case with the Hun flying-bombs, it is so very expensive. The nuisance value of these Robots is, of course, evident: as a recipe for staving off a result, which is now more than ever inevitable, they are just puerile. It would be just as sensible to try an invasion by troops armed with pea-shooters. Incidentally, it would be a good thing if someone sent Herr Göbbels some snapshots of "terrified England"!

## A Leger Winner?

DID anyone see him, or her, in the Derby? I own quite frankly that I did not, and I shall be surprised if anyone can place his hand upon his heart and honestly say that he

did. Naturally, everyone who goes racing was pleased to see the colours of an owner who has done so much for the turf and for bloodstock breeding first past the post, and it must have been particularly gratifying to Lord Rosebery to win with one of his own breeding. Ocean Swell is by his 1939 Derby winner, Blue Peter, and, incidentally, marks very strongly in colour to his sire. My own reading of the race was that the winner, and all the rest in the fighting line, had had all that they wanted, and some of them perhaps a bit more. The cognoscenti said after the race that Tehran would have won had the race been one horse's length (8 ft.) longer! That which anyone thinks is not evidence, and, therefore, if you or I say that we think he was no fresher than the winner, that again is just opinion. However, it is a free country and everyone is entitled to his own view of things. My considered one is that a man in top-boots could have gone just as fast as any of the first five at the finish of this Derby, and that they were all completely anchored by the distance on a very fast course, be it remarked. The time was 2 mins. 31 secs.: the record for the Suffolk Stakes Course is 2 mins. 29½ secs. The quaint pace and the distance, therefore, had them all rowed out to the last ounce. Straight Deal won it last year over the same course in 2 mins. 30½ secs. running on. I did not think that any of this year's field wanted another yard of it. That, however, is a purely personal opinion. It is claimed that Abbots Fell was galloping on. The judge's verdict was a neck, a short head and a head, and Abbots Fell's long suit is supposed to be speed, which he gets through his mamma, who was a fast woman. I retain my own opinion, which is that we dare not say that we have seen a real Leger horse! Most of us believed that we knew what was not going to win this Derby, but we strayed everyone of us out of the way as to what would. We had such a sickener over the two-year-old form that we were entitled to discard it and grab at any straw in the three-year-old record. And what broken reeds some of them have proved to be! Growing Confidence, Orestes, Mustang, Garden Path, Tudor Maid—frankly dishonest, I think—and Fair Fame, plus any others of which you can think.

## So What!

OCEAN SWELL, I suppose, is certain to be made favourite for the Leger, but as he is obviously the same thing as Tehran, Happy Landing and Abbots Fell, what are we to do about it? Back him and chance it, or keep



## The Derby Winner

*Lord Rosebery shook hands after the race with Nevett, who rode his bay colt Ocean Swell to victory in the New Derby. Ocean Swell is by Blue Peter, Lord Rosebery's 1939 Derby winner, and was trained by J. Jarvis at Newmarket*



## The Oaks Winner

*Hycilla, this year's winner of the Oaks at Newmarket, was ridden by Bridgeland. Mr. W. Woodward's filly was trained by Boyd-Rochfort, and won by half a length from Mr. W. F. Philips's Monsoon and Lord Harewood's Kannabis*

our pennies in our pockets until we see what sort of a customer Rockefeller is when he is fully recovered from that infantile ailment "whooping cough"? We shall have to bear in mind that he is rated the master of Abbots Fell, and that you cannot fault him on his breeding (Hyperion out of Rockfel, the Oaks winner), whereas many have picked holes in Abbots Fell's dam, and told us that she would never turn out a real week-ender. Yet our optical evidence tells us that Abbots Fell is virtually the same thing as the colt that has won the Derby! It is a real prickly pair. Ocean Swell (Blue Peter—Jiffy) has as full claim as Rockefeller to an unimpeachable staying lineage, and he did win the 1½-mile Column Produce Stakes; but, as he had nothing behind him that caused us to prick our ears, we let it pass, and perhaps could not be blamed for so doing. The thing most of us forgot to notice was that later he ran third to Borealis and Martaban, giving the latter 18 lb. and only getting 3 lb. from the winner, distances—and this is important—a neck and half a length. Personally, I feel a criminal, because as far back as the middle of April I had marked Borealis down in these notes as a very dangerous customer for the Leger. I still think so, and

(Concluded on page 404)



### Eights Week at Oxford

The Magdalen College VIII., seen above, went head of the river in the Eights, bumping Christ Church, Brasenose, Oriel, New College and Trinity to gain their position. Sitting: R. J. D. McC. Kinsman, Dr. K. Nevill Irvine (coach), D. G. Jamison (stroke), D. G. R. Robertson-Campbell. Standing: N. K. G. Rosser, L. H. Truelove, K. B. Taylor, C. A. Clemetson, J. E. A. Stuart



### Harrow School Cricket XI.

In their first three matches of the term Harrow XI: lost to the M.C.C. and Dulwich, and beat Harrow Town. J. Leaf scored 105 not out in the last match. Sitting: M. H. Withers, J. F. Leaf, T. G. H. Jackson (captain), A. McCorquodale, M. N. Garnett. Standing: Hon. G. Spring-Rice, J. R. Findlay, A. S. McLean, P. C. Hyde-Thomson, A. N. Derrick, A. R. S. Tower

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

I suggest that we look at Ocean Swell through the brightly coloured lens of Lord Derby's colt (*vide* Lavenham Handicap, Newmarket, May 2nd). I am sure that we ought to have Borealis battling on our side. How infernally easy it is to be wise after the event! Ocean Swell, incidentally, is one of the best-named steeds that races, for the Blue Peter is invariably hoisted when the ship is to be off in a jiffy on the heaving bosom of the noisy ocean. His Majesty's beautiful little colt, Fair Glint, found himself in just as uncomfortable a position as does a little boy trying to keep step with a 6-ft. man. I did not see him after the first mile.

One of two more last words about this Derby horse race: it is not true to say that, if there had been a genuine stayer in the contest with a jockey on his back with the nous to seize the obvious and heaven-sent chance, which

was handed to him on a plate, he could have cut this field down and hung it up to dry? The time was all made up in the last six furlongs. My impression is that we have still got to wait for a 1½-mile stripped gallop.

### Felicitations

FIRST to Mr. William Woodward, the famous American owner of the Oaks winner, Hycilla, secondly, to Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who trained her, and, thirdly, to *The Times* Racing Correspondent, who, even though he did not tip her to win, was the only person to warn us how dangerous she might prove. She won so easily that even if the One Thousand winner, Picture Play, had not broken down close home, she might still have succeeded. Tudor Maid yet once again ran like a thoroughly dishonest woman, and September will not entice one person, at any rate, to trust either her, Garden Path or Fair Fame. I think they deserve to be written down abandoned wenches.

### Wasted Backaches

INTERESTING as is the news from Old Baghdad I about these new discoveries concerning the

habits and cultural preoccupations of the prehistoric villagers of Mesopotamia, after all they are merely relevant to neolithic man—quite a modern, as his sort of thing goes. If they had managed to dig up something eozyotic 1,000,000,000 years ago, when the lower invertebrate is supposed to have made his first appearance, that would have been talking.

He must have been a sturdy person, for any number of his descendants can be encountered any day of the week, and also on Sundays! Anyway, it would appear to be wasted labour going to all this trouble about a person who was admittedly unpleasant in his manners, and in his customs beastly, when we have so many live ones already behind barbed wire, and so many more still loose and only too anxious to be captured now that they realise that the Leading Palæozoic's number is up. Personally, I should have been more interested if these hard-working diggers had unearthed another Triceratops or even a Stegosaurus.

Prehistoric man is absolutely unmarketable, a drug, a superfluity.



Poole, Dublin  
**Racing at Phoenix Park, Dublin**

On the members' stand were Mrs. Frank Thornton, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally-Stourton, of Corbalton Hall, Co. Meath; Miss Dorothy Farrell and Miss Grace Carroll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Carroll, of Killineer House, Drogheda



The new secretary and organiser of R.A.F. cricket this year is W/Cdr. Shakespeare. With him here is F/Lt. Austin Matthews, the R.A.F.'s strongest bowler



**People of Interest in the Cricketing World**

Mr. H. D. Snook, Sir Douglas McCraith, chairman of the Nottinghamshire County Cricket Club, and Mr. H. A. Brown, secretary of the club, were watching a recent match

D. R. Stuart



# On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

## W.R.N.S. Officers of a Naval Training Depot

Standing: 3rd/O.s K. E. Tulloch, M. L. Rose, P. M. W. Frankland. Sitting: 3rd/O. M. L. Marsh, 2nd/O. E. T. Leach, Commodore D. de Pas, A.D.C., R.N., 3rd/O.s R. Hare, M. E. Musgrave

Right, front row: Capt. E. A. Batten, Majors C. R. Thomas, A. O. Hill, W. Q. Roberts, the Commanding Officer, Capt. G. P. Youngman, Majors R. V. Ridge, A. R. Ellis, Capt. D. G. Lock. Middle row: Lt. P. Goacher, Capt. N. G. Hunt, A. R. Deacon, Lts. F. J. Pinn, L. V. Howe, R. W. Allanson, H. C. Coutts, A. D. Pinnington, Rev. P. Burton. Back row: Lt. E. A. Joseph, Capt. R. V. Pinkham, Lt. R. J. Millard, 2nd Lt. E. Knight, Capt. S. T. Howson, 2nd Lt. D. Thomas, Lt. F. R. Sweeting, Capt. I. C. Guest, Lt. E. Consterdine (M.O.)



Officers of a Battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of a Signal School at an R.N. Air Station

Back row: Lts. (A) A. White, (A) A. G. Willson, Mr. L. Winterbottom, R.N., Mr. J. W. Greenslade, R.N., Lt. (A) L. D. Urry. Sitting: Headmaster Lt. S. W. Harman, Lt. (A) A. Aitken, Lt.-Cdr. G. D. Goodwin, R.N., Lts. J. R. G. Trechman, (A) G. R. Woolston



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of an R.A.F. Squadron

Front row: P/O. K. Nixon, F/O. J. E. Sharpley, S/Ldr. A. C. Pallot, W/Cdr. P. W. Stansfield, F/Lt. A. N. Davis, F/O.s E. Chegwin, R. J. L. Aitchison. Middle row: Capt. J. C. Stothard, P/O.s I. D. Baker, W. H. Gillyland, I. C. Lohrey, D. R. Peddy, P. O. Miles, A. M. Maclay, N. P. Whaley, Capt. B. Emslie. Back row: F/O. R. D. Frost, P/O.s D. W. Sampson, D. Greville-Heygate, B. W. Cooke, D. H. Leonard



## Staff Officers of a Divisional Battle School

Front row: Major D. H. Baker, Capt. C. W. Barrett, Lt.-Col. J. D. W. Millar, Lt.-Col. C. d'A. P. Consett, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. T. W. Turpin, C. J. Mair, P. C. Swindells. Back row: Lt. F. Parker, 2nd Lt. J. H. Shennan, Lts. G. M. McLean, J. J. Wise, J. D. Robertson, W. W. Ballantyne, J. Miller, G. S. Stanger, W. E. Kyle

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Never Livelier

AND then again," says James Agate, in the course of an argument with himself as to the legitimate spending of afternoons, "I have the impression that my Diary was never livelier. This may be self-deception—" I think not. *Ego 6* (Harrap; 18s.) is, to me, of all the *Egos* the most enjoyable. To compare it qualitatively with its predecessors—to attempt, I mean, to establish whether this or any other *Ego* is "better" than, or "not so good" as, the rest—would be idiotic. These books have the continuity of one man's experience: each is a part of a whole. Mr. Agate is never—and I imagine never has been—unlike himself. Therefore, the reader's reasons for finding one *Ego* more enjoyable than another must be purely subjective, a matter of his or her own development, mood, environment at the time of reading the current *Ego*, or experiences since reading the last.

One comes to see why the critics, as quoted by Agate, have flopped so heavily. Criticism should imply impersonality, and criticism of Mr. Agate becomes personal: there being nothing about him to expose, one exposes oneself. Before sitting down to review *Ego 6*, I also could have done with a stiff drink. The sentence out of my review of *Ego 5*, served up cold in *Ego 6*, embarrasses me. At this point, failing the drink, I am fortified by only two things—by the knowledge that Mr. Agate, though generous to women in several other directions, does not consider that they make good critics; and by my growing conviction that I agree with him. As reviewers purely they may, must, hope to get by—they command artless chatter; they are, if hare-brained, more or less unpretentious, and they seldom care deeply if they are in the wrong. The most trying assaults upon Mr. Agate's patience seem to come from those who are sure they are in the right.

## Patience

It must have been Hitler's patience and its frequent exhaustions that have given this best of the good qualities a temporary aura of ridicule that it does not deserve. It is Mr. Agate's patience that principally strikes me in *Ego 6*. Or should I say, rather, his equanimity? Just as Sir Osbert Sitwell, in his latest book, wrote with feeling of what it feels like to be an author, Mr. Agate allows us an insight, from time to time, into at least some of the sufferings of a distinguished critic. His estimation of the fatuity, complacency, self-regard and general on-the-make-ness of the human race is, under the circumstances, mild. It is unfortunate that his own great subjects, the arts, should be those that almost everyone thinks they know a little about. He is therefore—though in the main he chooses his company carefully—exposed to the vapourings of bores; and those who have failed to meet, him write him letters, so that

he has received more than 40,000 of this kind. Still worse, he is assaulted, during his rare off times, when only seeking relaxation and pleasure, by requests for his opinions on plays, books, films, etc. Having already put these on paper with extreme clearness, he may well find silly questions a little too much.

The subject near Mr. Agate's heart to which he must have had to listen to least nonsense is horses. People who know nothing about horses rightly avoid discussing them: would that the same inhibition applied to the arts. I sometimes wonder why he does not leave London and go and live in the country, preferably in Ireland—though I see a number of reasons why that might not do. I wonder still more why he continues to frequent a certain famous London café: this having been the scene of quite a large proportion of his annoyances. For exact illustration of what I mean, turn to the drawing on page 240. The aggressive young of the café only got, one may understand, what they asked for. Their betters fare, rightly, better:

A. V. Alexander, at lunch at the Club to-day, lectured me on where I had gone wrong in my criticism of Esther McCracken's *Living Room*, and insisted on its superiority over Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*. I listened with a brilliant assumption of patience. When he had finished, I said: "Would the First Lord like to hear my views on naval strategy?" Am bound to say he took it very well.

## Limits

NATURALLY, this patience has breaking-points. When Mr. Agate decides to take the offensive, one is left breathless by his precision



Eric Ambler and Peter Ustinov are co-authors of "The Way Ahead," the *Two Cities* film starring David Niven. "Background to Danger" and "Journey into Fear" are two of Ambler's previous screen successes. Peter Ustinov's one-act play, "Beyond," and his "Blow Your Own Trumpet," written when the author was twenty, were both produced in London last year

bombing. Am I right in thinking that his targets have changed? Whimsicality, for instance, in *Ego 6* is getting it heavily—and for whimsicality I cannot shed a tear. Ruthless disregard for the time and nervous energy of the famous who are at the same time busy (and whose fame relates to the fact that they always are very busy) is a charge against several well-meaning organisations—and, by every showing, a well-merited one. Mr. Agate is not alone in having been expected to catch trains by a hair's breadth, to rove, unmet, through unknown, blacked-out, taxi-less towns, and to return unrefreshed. His feeling that, however worthy the cause, drink and transport for speakers ought to be furnished, seems to me reasonable. Incidentally, I was sorry to learn that transport trouble has caused him to leave the Villa Volpone, Swiss Cottage, for a flat in W.C.2. I don't know why I am sorry; I think I liked his former address. The move seems to have had the disadvantage of bringing him into range of rather more of his pests, though Mr. Agate, wherever he likes to live, seems to have been dropped in on surprisingly freely. A lunatic lady got inside the Villa Volpone; and we learn that years ago, in Ladbroke Grove, he was interrupted over a simple supper of kippers and green chartreuse by Joe Beckett, looking for someone else. While attempting to storm Alexandra Mansions, Frl. Erna Katzengebiss and her brother-in-law, Dr. Israel Bauchpresser, were, however, successfully held by Mr. Leo Pavia. Of this latest home, we owe some delightful photographs to

(Concluded on page 408)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

OUR local auxiliary war hospital is as much a good-home-

from-good-home as human kindness can contrive. The restrictions are negligible. Midnight passes may be procured for the asking every night of the week. The food is excellent and well served. Medical and surgical skill is of the Harley Street order. Friends and relations may visit the patients at almost any time of the day and stay until both are bored. The nursing staff is alike young and young-hearted. Cinemas and local concerts and dances are free and open to all.

By comparison to a real military hospital, life in our local auxiliary one may almost be termed "jazz." And yet certain patients grumble as if they were incarcerated in a military prison. At times one wonders what they really do want. At other times one is forced to the conclusion that they do not know. For the bane of the natural grumbler is that he, or she, doesn't realise when they are comparatively well off. Always they are infuriated by the belief that they should by rights be better off still. It is by no means a divine discontent. It is more like a perpetual self-assertion by grouching. A torment created by the imaginary picture of the nicer things other people appear to possess.

Most of us are, I suppose, rather like that, though in a lesser degree. Everybody feels an instinctive loathing of those ahead of them in a queue. Few motorists possess a friend among pedestrians. No

By Richard King

rich man, whatever the weight of his responsibilities, should be allowed, in

the opinions of many folk, to keep his wealth, though his responsibilities may increase a hundredfold. When we ourselves are working against time and inclination, everybody else appears to be performing the lightest jobs. In fact, other people's jobs nearly always appear pleasanter than our own. When they envy us, our spirit goes forth to "slosh" them. "If only you knew!" we mutter to ourselves, feeling grossly misunderstood. In fact, it is usually only when our situation changes for the worse that we could kick ourselves for not having more fully enjoyed the sunshine while it lasted.

Strangely enough, too, we grumble less when the skies are dark. So, perhaps, it is better to go through a grim and dreadful period at least once in our lives. It makes us wiser and, incidentally, we are generally much nicer to know. For the worst of perpetual grumblers is that, when they cease from grumbling, they have nothing of the least personal interest to give anybody. They are just—dull. The moment they bang the door behind them, the general atmosphere clears up as by a promise of spring. And, in parentheses, that would make them grumble harder than ever, if they knew. Thus one may pity them, while avoiding them like the plague. One hopes that eventually they will learn the hard fact that happiness in life consists very largely in not at the moment being actively unhappy.





**S/Ldr. "Henry" Szczesny**, a Polish fighter-pilot, while flying a Spitfire over France last year, collided with an F.W.190 and had to bale out. He fought in the Battle of Britain, and holds the *Virtuti Militari*, *Krzyz Walecznych* and the D.F.C.



**S/Ldr. J. S. Sherwood**, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F., known as "Flap," comes from Cheltenham. He is a bomber-pilot, and was shot down over two years ago, while flying a Lancaster during a raid on Augsburg, Bavaria. He is twenty-five years old



**Capt. J. Walton**, of the Church Army, is acting as assistant Church of England chaplain in the prisoners' camp. He is a New Zealander from Wellington, and served in Egypt, and in Crete for two months prior to his capture there in March, 1941

## Prisoners of War in Stalag Luft 3

Portraits in a German Prison Camp  
By F/Lt. Bennett Ley Kenyon



**F/O. J. O. Levesque**, R.C.A.F., a French-Canadian Spitfire pilot, was shot down while attacking enemy fighters defending the *Schornhorst* and *Gneisenau* at Calais, in February, 1942. He was picked up by a German rescue launch



**G/Capt. D. E. L. Wilson**, R.A.A.F., has the distinction of being the senior British officer of Stalag Luft 3. His home is in New South Wales, Australia, and he was shot down on June 22nd last year, in a night bomber Halifax



**W/Cdr. R. R. Stanford Tuck**, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F., famous Battle of Britain fighter-pilot, was shot down by low flak, and crash-landed into a German flak battery encampment before being taken prisoner. He comes from Walton-on-Thames

These portraits of his fellow-prisoners in Germany were sent home by F/Lt. Kenyon, D.F.C., R.A.F., who was shot down over France last September. The artist, holding the post of gunnery leader, was attached to a Canadian squadron, of which he was a very popular member, and had previously been on forty-three operational sorties, including nearly all the principal enemy targets. His sketches and caricatures are prized possessions of many of his comrades, and these drawings prove that he is carrying on the good work while in captivity

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 394)

Willa Elliott, who was carrying a basket with their lunch, a practice followed by many racegoers. Lady Petre and Lady Sykes, both dressed in navy blue, were chatting together in the long queue for badges; Lord and Lady Manton were in good time to see his Saucy Bella win the first race. H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, in khaki, wearing a British warm to keep out the wind, was an interested spectator of the racing and delighted at winning the last race on the previous day with his nice filly Royal Pay; he was not so lucky with his colt I Will, who ran unplaced in the sixth race on Derby day. The Marquess of Zetland, whose horses run only in the northern zone these days, was walking around with his sister, Maud Lady Fitzwilliam, and was very keen on the chances of a northern two-year-old, Dante, owned by Sir Eric Ohlson, who came down to challenge the crack two-year-olds of the south in the Coventry Stakes, and fully lived up to his wonderful reputation in the north, where he has never been beaten, by easily winning this race by four lengths.

## Owners and Racegoers

Lord and Lady Delamere were together (they had given a small cocktail party the night before to celebrate their wedding earlier in the week); Lady Jean Christie, who had come down by train in the morning, walked from the station, and was returning the same evening



An Anglo-American Occasion

Johnson, Oxford

A tea and reception was held at Rhodes House, Oxford, by Dr. C. K. Allen, the Warden, and Mrs. Allen, in co-operation with Major Matthews, U.S. Army Public Relations Officer, to enable American officers to meet a number of the people of Oxford City and County who are keenly interested in Anglo-American relations. In this group are: Col. Steinmetz, Councillor and Mrs. Ingle (Mayor and Mayoress of Oxford), Lord Elton, Sir David Ross (Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University), the Very Rev. J. Lowe (Dean of Christ Church), the Duchess of Marlborough and Lord Samuel

as she had to work the following day, was chatting to Cdr. and Mrs. Scott Miller and Miss Babs Lewis; Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam were down from Yorkshire for the meeting, and I noticed Lord Fitzwilliam went and found Mrs. Philip Hill, a newcomer to the list of owners, having bought Mustang from Mr. Fred Darling for ten thousands pound a few days before, and took her into the parade ring before the big race; Major David Wills was in the ring with his trainer, George Beeby, to see his horse, Growing Confidence, who actually started favourite; Sir Malcolm MacAlpine was also there to see his horse Rameses. Others I saw were Lord and Lady Durham, Lady de Trafford, Lord and Lady Ranfurly, Mrs. Phil Cripps, Mrs. Lycett Green, Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Grimthorpe and Baroness Beaumont.

## Open-Air Party

The first of Mr. Fred Ralli's Mondays for overseas troops and members of the R.A.F. from East Grinstead (where plastic surgery restores injured faces) was fine enough for the guests to be able to enjoy the delightful courtyard belonging to his ground-floor flat, where exotic ivy crawls along tight ropes overhead, and enormous, curly, pink-lined shells decorate the stone edge of a lily or goldfish pool. Friends of Mr. Ralli's, helping to entertain these members of the Forces, included the Duke of San Lucar, from the Spanish Embassy; Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill (she and Lady Clark, as well as the host, work at the Churchill Club); Lady Margaret Douglas Home, who, with Mr. Van Thal, has lately started the publishing firm of Home and Van Thal; Lady Tredegar, very decorative and amusing; Mrs. Euan Wallace; her sister, Mrs. Sewell; the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, a sister of the late Lady Beaverbrook (the last three also work at the Churchill Club); Lady Dalton, charming and entertaining; and Mr. Herbert Agar, the U.S. journalist.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

Mr. Russell Sedgewick, who successfully, if insecurely, posed Mr. Agate taking tea on the roof. "As the parapet is less than a foot high, and as the waitress at the Crown appeared to be waving a tea-cloth at me à la Hilda Wangel, I stayed up there for as short a time as possible."

Which reminds me that, of all the purely critical passages in *Ego* 6, those on Ibsen seemed to me the most searching, though the range throughout is as wide as ever, and though Mr. Agate, as ever, never commits himself to the expected thing. The better (obviously) the stuff, the fuller the exercise of his powers. One could wish that he had lived at a time when one did not need to chronicle so much small beer. As it is, he gives the effect of solitary, ferocious grandeur in a declining world. At one point he raises the question of his own heart. Anyone left in doubt as to its existence should read the letter on page 215.

## One Place, Two Times

IN *Over the Same Ground* (Hamish Hamilton; 8s.), Francesca Marton works out a fascinating idea. She sets two stories, with 100 years of actual time between them, running concurrently: one set of footsteps, as her title suggests, follows another "over the same ground." The ground—the scene a Kentish seaside town, with the downs behind it—should not fail to be identified by lovers of Folkestone, of which I am one. The inland beauties of Folkestone, as we in these days know it, may be dubious (gasworks, viaduct, up-and-down-hill muddle of subfuse houses), but Miss Marton, in the modern part of her story, has caught their atmosphere well. She has also given them a somewhat ghostly semblance by superimposing them on the greensward, chalk lanes and flowering trees of her story of 100 years ago. The past, in fact, can be seen through the semi-transparent curtain of the present.

The connection between the stories is Portico House—once in a green environment, now pressed by gasworks and villas. We know Portico House, as it were simultaneously, as the home of the dissolute Quested and his unhappy bride, and as a little girls' school kept by one Miss Williams, who has Lucy Forde (heroine of the modern story) as assistant teacher. We see the same hall mirror reflecting different faces, the same stairs trodden by different feet. . . . Very wisely, Miss Marton has not sought to establish any supernatural connection between the times. The two sets of characters' inevitable unconsciousness of one another is, as stressed by her, more dramatic than any affair of intuitions and hauntings. The reader, and the reader alone, is left to compare the innocence of Patty Spain with the naivety of Primrose Pittock (these two little maids, with 100 years between them, both worked at Portico House), to compare the wickedness of drink-inflamed Squire Quested with that of dope-sodden Major Palmer, to compare the disillusion of Harriet Quested with the nascent love dreams of Lucy Forde.

Yes, *Over the Same Ground* achieves a queer, poetic cohesion: the two stories complement one another. At the end of the first, two children are thinking about the future; at the end of the second, a young girl is thinking about the past. Miss Marton, whose first novel this is, is young, and is now in the Forces. Behind the freshness of her imagination there is an ageless sensibility to life's meaning. I share her publisher's feeling that we shall be hearing of her again.

## A Race in Itself

"THE LONDONER," by Dorothy Nicholson ("Britain in Pictures" Series, Collins; 4s. 6d.), traces through history, on from King Alfred's day, the growth of the Londoner's temperament. Londoners are British, but something more: here we have a race inside a race. Dangers and privileges, charters and protests, the magnetic power of his environment (as a port, a centre of trade, a capital), the definition of rights, the pursuit of fun, and the endless parade of history past his eye, all went, through the centuries, to the Londoner's making. Lady Nicholson has written this book with a good mixture of knowledge and imagination. Her vignettes are delightful: here, for instance, are eighteenth-century pleasures:

The twin foci of fun and fashion were Vauxhall and Ranelagh, with their classic-romantic groves, grottoes, rotundoes, temples, passionately enjoyed by everyone. At Vauxhall the entrance was a shilling and everyone was there "from the Duke of Grafton to the children of the Foundling Hospital" . . . and people could bring their food, as at the famous supper-party where Walpole and Lady Peterborough minced seven chickens in a china chafing-dish with everyone looking on. . . . There was tea and coffee and bread-and-butter and ham cut so fine you could read the paper through it. The illuminations were fairy-like (human), nightingales warbled from the trees, and there were concerts of Handel and Arne. Ranelagh pretended to greater elegance with orange-trees with lights in the oranges, auriculas and festoons of real flowers. Here little Mozart played a concerto on the organ in aid of the Lying-in Hospital.

Would that we had a Vauxhall, a Ranelagh for the wartime Londoner's "holidays at home!"

## Great Collection

"THE DUTCH DRAWINGS AT WINDSOR CASTLE" (Phaidon Press; 25s.) have been catalogued by M. Leo van Puyvelde (Director of the Royal Museums of Fine Arts in Belgium), who contributes an admirable Introduction. The book, which contains 150 reproductions of drawings, mainly by contemporaries of Rembrandt, is a joy—not to be missed by collector and connoisseur, or, for that matter, by you and me.

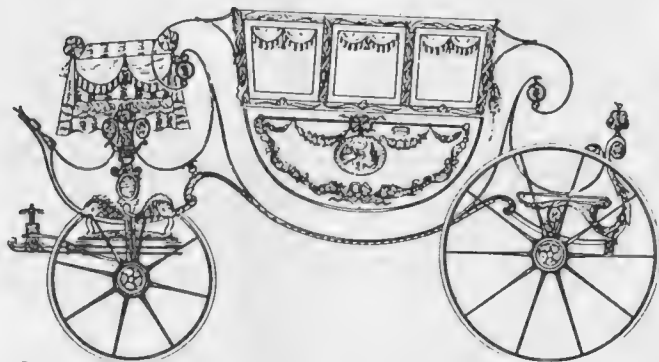


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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A LITTLE girl was on a visit to her aunt's house, and in the garden was a magnificent peacock, a bird she had never seen before. After gazing in wonder at the bird's spread tail, she dashed into the house, and cried:

"Oh, auntie, come quick and look! One of your chickens is in bloom!"

"LADIES and gentlemen," said a political speaker, "if we are to make this country a land fit for heroes to live in, we must improve the *status quo*."

"What is the *status quo*, gov'nor?" asked one of the audience.

"The *status quo*, my friend," explained the speaker, "is Latin for the mess we're in at present."

THE maid announced to the small boy of the family: "Tommy, you have two baby sisters—twins."

Tommy was quite unconcerned. "Oh, yes, I know," he remarked.

"Oh, you can't know!" cried the maid.

"But I *do* know," insisted Tommy.

"Now, Tommy, you mustn't tell fibs like that."

"I know *and* I know their names."

"You can't know that," said the maid, triumphantly, "because I don't think that's decided yet."

"I know because I heard daddy in the bathroom just now and he said: 'Twins! Damn and blast.'"

DURING the filming of a comedy, the director wished to get the effect of water being poured out of a barrel on to some boards.

They tried peas on oiled paper, and that wasn't it; they tried dropping pins on a taut square of silk, and that wasn't it.

Finally a quiet fellow who was standing by said: "Suppose you try pouring water out of a barrel on to some boards."

They tried it. That was it.

THE manufacturers of a patent medicine recently received a letter from a grateful woman who had been a customer.

"Four weeks ago," she wrote, "I was so run down that I could not even spank the baby. After taking three bottles of your tonic I am able to thrash my husband, in addition to my other housework. Thank you!"

A WELL-KNOWN actor notorious for his caustic wit was having a quarrel with his wife. After a particularly biting remark, she burst into tears and said:

"How can you treat me like this when I've given you the seven best years of my life!"

"Good heavens," replied her husband, "were *those* your best?"

TWO barristers were engaged in a heated argument. Finally one exclaimed: "Is there any case so low, so utterly shameful and crooked that you'd refuse it?"

"I don't know," replied the other pleasantly. "What have you been up to now?"

A NAZI in Berlin blocked the passage of a man in the street.

"Step aside, Jew!" he commanded. "Step aside for a Nazi."

The other, a good German citizen, looked at the Nazi with all the distaste of many years written on his face.

"I'm not a Jew," he said in a tired voice. "I just happen to *look* intelligent."



Constance Stuart, Pretoria

## Noel Coward in Pretoria

The rights of Mr. Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" have been given by the author to Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Marda Vanne for a four months' South African tour. This is the fourth tour of the Union made by the Ffrangcon-Davies-Vanne Company. With "Watch On The Rhine," "Flare Path" and "What Every Woman Knows" they broke all attendance records last year. Noel Coward is seen above with Marda Vanne (left) and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies (right)

HERE is a story about Rommel, which was broadcast in one of the B.B.C.'s French transmissions:

Rommel, in Paris, found himself short of money. So he got in contact with a banker and asked for a loan. The banker consented at once and spread out a bundle of banknotes. A little astonished, Rommel took them and remarked: "But you haven't asked me for guarantees! Do you want a receipt?"

"Oh, that isn't necessary, monsieur," came the answer. "You borrowed Libya, Tunisia, Sicily, and you returned them."



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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Power Bombs

**C**HIEF among the problems confronting those who discussed the pilotless aeroplanes which the Germans sent against these islands in mid-June, was the problem of naming them correctly and conveniently. They were not "glider bombs"; they were not "rockets"; they were not "radio bombs." The term "pilotless aeroplanes" though not inaccurate, was not complete. I offered the solution of "power bombs" but in the knowledge that it was not entirely satisfactory.

These uncertainties of nomenclature would not have mattered had they not testified to uncertainties of comprehension. Many people imagined that these weapons were launched from a great height somewhere over Nazi-occupied France and that they then glided down towards their target. Others thought that they were shells with the additional impulse of rocket drive. Only gradually did the general picture emerge and then partly as a result of Mr. Morrison's wise decision to state the broad facts as he knew them to Parliament. But it is astonishing that the public was not able to produce immediately an effective name. I asked several friends what they could suggest and none had a really sound proposal to offer. Or at least I should say only one and his proposal was hardly acceptable for popular use. He said that, being German, the winged, power-driven bomb ought to be called by a German title and he suggested the German translation of air voyage which, he assured me (with what accuracy I am unable to state) was "Luftfart." He suggested, in brief, that these new German weapons should be called Luftfarts.

## Nothing New

**A**s ever, when a new weapon appears, there was a positive competition to see who could prove how old it really was. And it is a fact that radio controlled, and pilotless aircraft have been under development in Britain for many years. It is a fact that an "aerial torpedo" was tried in about 1917. It is a fact that the "Queen Bee" and the "Queen Wasp" were successful. But the truth is that the Germans were the first to develop this kind of carrier to the stage when it could be employed as a practical weapon of war. As I write we have had very little of power bombing and consequently I hesitate to try to estimate its effectiveness. But however effective or ineffective it may be now, there is little doubt that in the future it will be a valuable weapon.

I would like to see some accountant draw up a balance sheet between bombing with pilotless aircraft and bombing with full crews. For an equal weight, what would be the fundamental expenditure? Many friends who heard the power bombs going overhead in those early days of power bombing asserted that the "engine" (I still do not know if it was an engine in the conventional sense or if it was a rocket or jet device) sounded as if it were a "cheap rattletrap" intended to do only one trip and then to expire. But I would remind them that a marine torpedo contains quite expensive and well-made machinery and that it is found economic (in the military sense) to use such machinery and to lose it when the attack is made.

## Atlantic Flights

**I**T is always one of the sore points with me that the great Atlantic pioneer flight of Alcock and Brown in 1919 should go without adequate recognition. So I was pleased when Vickers-Armstrongs and Rolls-Royce held a small celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of that flight. I was even more pleased when Mr. Sidgreaves, managing director of Rolls-Royce, got up and spoke his mind about unnecessary reticence about British aircraft and aero-engine achievements. He rightly said that Britain's output figures were much more likely to bring discomfort than comfort to the enemy. Consequently why on earth conceal them until after the Americans had published them?

I also liked Mr. Sidgreaves's remark that if in 1929 the British aircraft industry had been under State control, we, in 1939, would have been under German control. That is a truth which cannot be rubbed in too often. The inaccuracies of those who advocate State control of everything multiply day by day and it behoves all who want the problem to be studied impartially to adjust things. Do we want our aviation, our medical services, our newspapers, to be run in the manner of our income tax?

Other speakers were Mr. Hives, Sir Frederick Bowhill, Lord Rothermere and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown himself. Major Kilner presided. British Overseas Airways was strongly represented though I personally would have rather also seen others there who had risked their lives in pioneering the route such as Colonel Fitzmaurice, who did the first flight in the more "difficult" (because of prevailing winds) direction. But it was a pleasant occasion and one which should be of value to British aviation in the future by reminding us that the first Atlantic flight, non-stop, was made by a British crew in a British aeroplane, fitted with British engines. The old Vimy was a thoroughly sound machine and in the true line of Vickers aircraft which has included so many advanced and soundly progressive types.



## Landing In Normandy

An engineering battalion of the 9th Air Force constructed the first airfield in Normandy on which Allied fighters could land and refuel. Here is Major-Gen. E. R. Quesada, Commanding General of the 9th Fighter Command, after arriving there with Capt. Richard Leary, operations officer of the PAF group, the first to land in France



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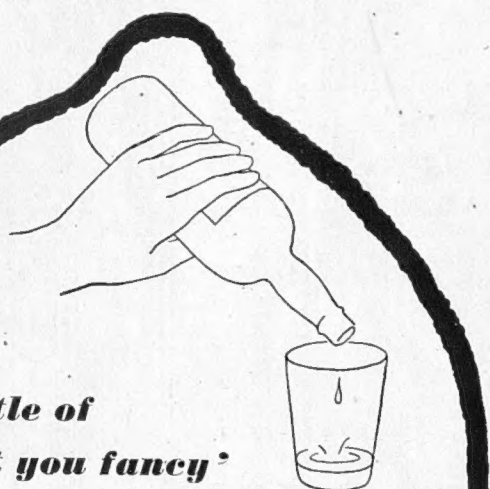
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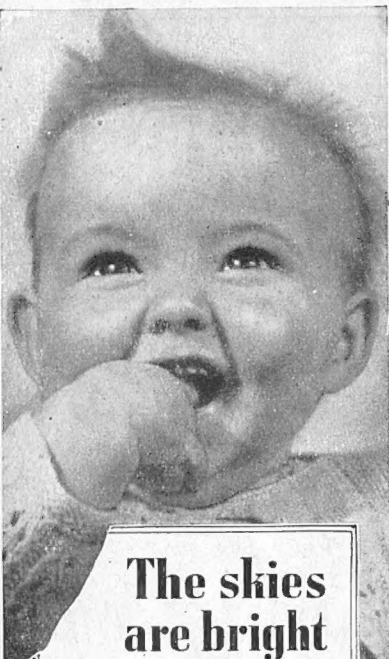


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(FREE)

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Perfect comfort;  
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**AERTEX**  
underwear!

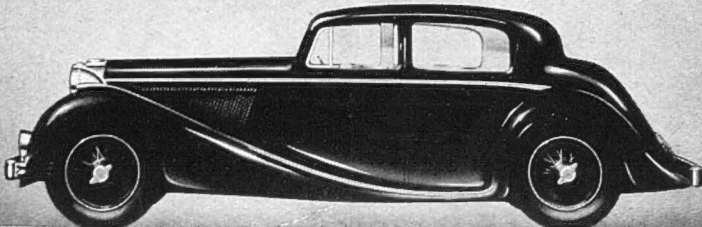
*I wish there  
were more—*  
**SPRATT'S**  
BISCUIT DOG FOODS

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*the sure way  
of building up  
a dog . . .*



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Good work in a Uniform is vital to its value, and you get it, without stint, in Maenson Tailoring—second to none. Order from specially appointed Maenson Agents—high class men's shops—everywhere. Name on request.

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I ROLLS UP THE  
BARRELS, I ROLLS  
BACK THE BARRELS  
& THEN I ROLLS 'EM  
UP AGAIN & AGAIN

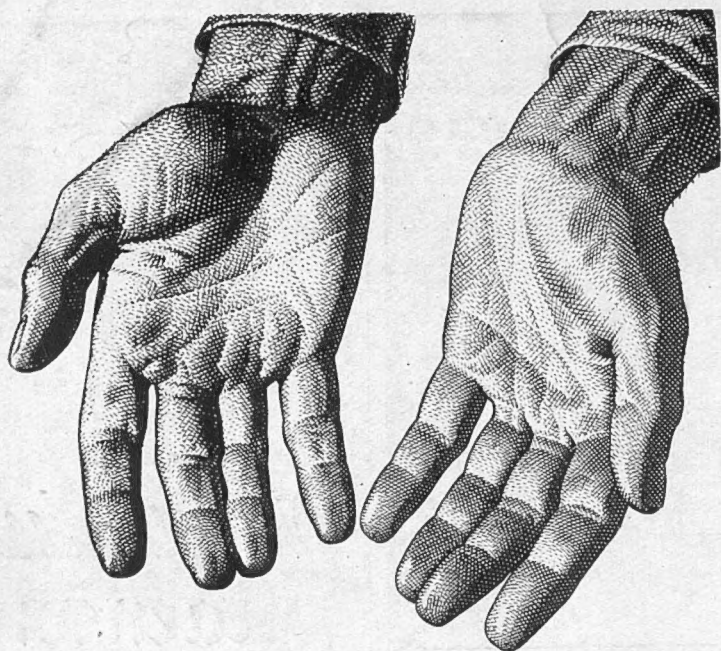
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*Today these hands are busy fashioning Victory: tomorrow they will once more turn their skill to the task of building cars—among which the Singer will take a proud place—so that we may enjoy the fruits of that Victory.*

**SINGER MOTORS LTD** COVENTRY AND BIRMINGHAM



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in response to the appeal of the Government, and by doing so helped the country over a difficult period. In common with other things which give pleasure to their owners, these instruments are at the present time unobtainable; but they will be available again when we have finished the job we have in hand. The realisation of your desire to re-possess these instruments will coincide with a return to peace conditions.

## KERSHAW PRISM BINOCULARS

like all good things are worth waiting for, and are certainly a good thing to possess for they are the

## WORLD STANDARD of QUALITY

Records of all communications referring to these Glasses are being kept for the purpose of contacting the writers at a later date. Shall we add your name to the list?

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